A Case of Homosexuality *Alexander M. Bickel*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 12, 1964, 35 cents

After the Fall

The Republican Party's Future

Malcolm C. Moos

Why Bail Out the States?

Christopher Jencks

One Refugee Child's Story

Richard Gilman

Those Two Pragues

Max Frankel

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Go Radical, Young Man

★ A lot of young people hate to stick their necks out, fearing that if they do they'll be called "radicals." They'll get a lot of pleasure in later life, though, if they can remember that they were once ahead of a trend, and did something about it. Fact is, yesterday's "conventional wisdom" collapses fairly rapidly. Eisenhower's sacrosanct annual balanced budget, for example, is just about out. The rotten-borough state legislatures are being reapportioned. Negroes are getting some of their civil rights. The once immutable Solid South is wilting; Vermont has a Democratic governor.

There are a lot of other things. Europe had social security 80 years or so ago; well, we have it, too, or a beginning. Better late than never. Progress can't be stopped. Medicare, for example. The American Medical Association runs one of the tightest trade unions in the country and has fought social advance every inch of the way. (How many, we wonder, remember dear old Dr. Morris Fishbein, who once seemed immovable as he thundered against progress from the *AMA Journal* – ?) Well, it's just as certain today as anything can be that the new Congress will pass Medicare of some sort. The "sound" men, the respectables, of AMA and the National Association of Manufacturers will have to retreat to prepared positions a little further back, for new generations to overthrow.

So it goes. Take birth control. The Catholic hierarchy will have to accept it before too long, as much of the laity already has. And to vary the theme, for how long do you suppose a young American can win the title "radical" by modestly suggesting that maybe the Chinese nation of 700 millions *does* exist, and that it would be wiser to recognize it diplomatically and let it into the UN?

We think about the younger generation a lot. How long does it take an undergraduate these days to discover, we wonder, that many of the "unthinkable" positions are ones that everybody is thinking about; and that a lot of positions are "immutable" simply because older generations made mistakes, and now are stuck with them?

Mississippi Nightmare

★ We had a dream the other night that an international rescue mission had been organized for Mississippi. It was staged by some African country, Zambia, or something like that, with UN support. Paratroopers were flown in by Mexican planes. The magazine *Christianity & Crisis* recently totaled four months' atrocities by Mississippi white natives as "three dead, 83 injured, 1,000 arrested on trumped-up charges, 37 churches burned, and 31 other buildings bombed." Other sources reported floggings and burnings, but tales of cannibalism are believed exaggerated. International patience finally snapped. Paratroopers bravely landed at a local airstrip, driving back forces of tribal chief Ross Barnett, and rescuing Negro ministers and missionaries held hostage by a native terror group, the loin-cloth Kluxers. Just as a group of mercenaries led by J. Edgar Hoover joined the rescue we woke up: it was getting too improbable.

Bobby Baker Case

★ We dropped in at the Bobby Baker hearing last week to sense the atmosphere. Also to watch insurance man Don B. Reynolds, on whose credibility as a witness the whole case rests. The cavernous Senate Caucus Room is high as it is wide. It is walled in marble, with pillars. It is like the old Pennsylvania Railroad station in New York, with red carpets. Committee sat up front; rows of reporters on the side; an oil field of movie tripods in the SW corner. Reynolds with counsel faced Senate interrogators.

Reynolds, self-styled "bagman" for his old buddy Baker, spoke softly, with a kind of sententious self-righteousness. Occasionally he quoted Scripture under the sandbagging of committee lawyer Lennox B. McLendon, friend of Chairman Jordan, of Saxapahaw, N. C. (One immediate impression, that grew through the day, was how bumbling these two were.)

Reynolds was well-dressed, with blue shirt, red regimental tie and gray hair waxed down slick. By his foot sat his dapper hat, with a plume of feathers. He is a South Carolina boy, too, like "Bobby," and to express astonishment exclaimed, at one point, "Ah sat like a frog on a 'cooter log." We got the impression that, when off a 'cooter log, businessman Reynolds is the jaunty type. It is a grim thing to watch a human being, trying to retain some self respect while making court admissions. Reynolds maintained his self-consciously gentle-patient stance pretty well but, near the end, we thought, was near the breaking point. . . .

What the GOP Needs

★ TRB is giving too much attention to the GOP these days, but somebody has to help them. First of all, their structural organization is terrible. The Republican National Committee, which is supposed to speak for them, is a body composed of two members from each state, plus a few extras. Nevada gets as many as California or Pennsylvania; it is malapportionment gone crazy.

The GOP Governors' Association has a more national viewpoint, but there are only 17 Republican governors for 1965 and a map shows how unrepresentative their distribution is.

So what the GOP needs, first, is an institutional face-lifting; either an interim "little" convention to set Republican policy or, if that isn't possible, a "big name" advisory council. The Democrats set one up in 1956.

But that isn't all. That's the easy part of it. The GOP needs, second, an intangible thing – a change of viewpoint. It can be stated simply and it is pretty widely accepted abroad. It is merely that conservatism can be creative. British conservatives backed the Beveridge Plan, Bismarck went in for welfare legislation. Here or abroad, conservatism doesn't mean stopping the clock. It can mean simply regulating it, or perhaps oiling it. Can the GOP learn that? After all, they abolished slavery.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 151 Number 24 Issue 2612 December 12, 1964*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8; Foreign, $9; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43301.* *Copyright© 1964 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

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Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – Roland Gomez, Murray Hill Advertising Inc., 64 East 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Africa's Anti-US Kick

Not the rescue of white hostages at Stanleyville, but the boost the Belgian paratroopers gave Congolese Prime Minister Tshombe, is what got Africans on an anti-US kick last week. Tshombe's widespread unpopularity, not any deep-seated anti-Americanism, is behind the otherwise absurd protest of 14 African states against the rescue operation, which they called "intervention in African affairs." The US by President Johnson's decision airlifted the Belgian paratroopers to Stanleyville. They managed to rescue most though not all the hostages gathered there. Their landing also eased the entry into Stanleyville of Tshombe's Congolese soldiers who are led by white mercenaries, mostly Belgians and South Africans. The mercenaries proceeded to live up to their name of *Les Affreux*, the frightful ones, by shooting at anything that moved that was black. The Congolese rebels against Tshombe have committed plenty of atrocities; the killing of missionaries and other white civilians is only a small part of their crimes. But what of Tshombe's crimes? He began the Congo's series of rebellions, and fought against his own government and the United Nations. Most Africans believe him to be guilty of the murder of Patrice Lumumba, another Congolese Prime Minister who was Tshombe's great rival. Tshombe's forces and those of his African opponents have fought each other with the utmost brutality. There has been virtually no quarter given by either side. The Stanleyville rebels knew what to expect if Tshombe beat them. The knowledge no doubt increased their ferocity. They tried to make use of their white hostages as a bargaining counter to halt Tshombe's advance on Stanleyville. But they knew better than to direct their threat at Tshombe himself. Instead, they raised the question of the hostages' fate with the US ambassador in Kenya. But neither Ambassador William Attwood nor Washington possesses that much influence with Tshombe, nor is it clear they would have exercised it if they had. They chose rather to use Belgian paratroopers to snatch the white hostages from the rebels' clutches, a course that apparently involved some deception of the rebels' representative who was present in Nairobi. Much of black Africa has decided that this makes the US and Belgium the accomplices of the unpopular Tshombe.

Horrors are endemic if not exactly indigenous in the Congo, which Joseph Conrad called the "heart of darkness." In the early years of Belgian rule an official inquiry revealed that about *half* the population had died through ill-treatment by their white colonial masters. Since

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the Belgians left in 1960 there has been wave after wave of terror – with Tshombe an early contributor to the havoc, for he tried to tear the mineral-rich Katanga province away from the rest of the Congo within 11 days of the Belgians' departure. Now there may be a full-scale civil war. But it is important to remember that atrocities are not peculiar to black people. A Congolese civil war is unlikely to produce many more mutilated corpses than did early colonial exploitation of the Congo, or than the Spanish civil war 30 years ago. The Stanleyville massacre of white hostages was a clumsy and bungled atrocity compared to the scientific exterminations practiced by Hitler and Stalin. Many, probably most, Africans don't think Stanleyville worse than Sharpeville, where in 1960 white South African police shot down unarmed blacks.

Nevertheless there will now be a strong temptation among white people to associate Congolese outrages with black skins, which Tshombe and the rebels alike possess, and also with Communism, with which the rebels are said to be infected but which Tshombe will doubtless be happy to affirm that he opposes. The rebels, however, seem more Mau Mau than Marxist. They also seem to have more sympathizers in the rest of black Africa than Tshombe has. This is because Tshombe is regarded rightly or wrongly as white imperialism's stooge. If African sympathy for the rebels and antipathy to Tshombe is not to harden into fixed antipathy toward the white West – which would not displease the Russians and would positively delight the Chinese – the US may have to bend over backward to make clear it is not in Tshombe's corner. It might for instance indicate official disapproval of the presence and certainly of the uncivilized conduct of his white mercenaries. They are unlikely to win the civil war for Tshombe, and the Congolese government is very unlikely to get from other African countries the military aid it needs, unless it gets rid of the mercenaries and perhaps of Tshombe too.

Aesthetic Politics

> *"Democracy flowers with style; without it, there is a rot of wet weeds. Which is why we love the memory of FDR and JFK. For they offered high style to the poor. And that is worth more than a housing project. That is the war against poverty."*
>
> – NORMAN MAILER

We won't be around to read it, so we are fortunate in being able to get *now* a glimpse of history's verdict on Lyndon Johnson as foretold by some of our men of letters. Nor need we withhold judgment until next January, when the President tells us what he means to do. Take it from the stylists, his Administration is going to be dreadful – or at least painfully dull. Why? Because "Johnson is not a writer and has no wish to be" (Norman Mailer). In the campaign, he was "exultant in the throngs of 'you folks', [but he] uttered not a word to stir their souls" (Emmet Hughes); and he never said "an honest or interesting sentence" (Paul Goodman). There is in his style "the gray suggestion of some lack of taste or discernment" (Hughes again). "In 37 years we have advanced from a President who quoted nothing that he had not read on a 50-cent piece to a President who quotes what he reads on the backs of the books in somebody else's library" (Murray Kempton). A spoonful of his prose "is enough to sicken the mind for hours" (Mailer).

Here we are – doomed for four years, at least, to plain politics in the White House. Nothing but inelegant, uninspired Presidential leadership that gets done what needs doing. ("It is insulting to hear these people talk of a Great Society" – Goodman).

McCone's Successor

John A. McCone, according to persistent rumor, will soon leave his post as head of the Central Intelligence Agency. His was a controversial appointment. What faults there are should be weighed against one action to his credit. It was McCone's initiative that led to the disclosure of the Russians' missile emplacements in Cuba. The new appointment will be the first major test of President Johnson's aptitude for selecting top-level subordinates. One difficulty is the CIA's split frame of reference. It gathers information all around the globe, but it also conducts clandestine activities. This is an opportune moment for the President to decide whether to have one man wearing two awkward hats, or run the risk of disarray by separating the gathering of information from covert operations.

Either way, the job of directing the CIA is exacting. Heretofore, and to the disadvantage of a professional intelligence service, it has been thought that the Director of the CIA must be someone of "national stature," by which has been meant a silver-haired businessman who is if possible a Republican. No one quite knows why this rule persists, since the CIA is not a public-relations outfit, nor does it have a hard lobbying job to do on Capitol Hill or with the general public. The main requirements are a sophisticated understanding of other nations, and managerial talent of the highest order including, preeminently, a gift for judging and nurturing the right talents down the line in the Agency. Equally important is a discreet capacity for distinguishing between performing public duties and being in the public eye. There has been too much of the latter from Mr. McCone and from his predecessor, Allen Dulles.

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The Last Clean River

The Storm King controversy has passed for the time being to the inner sanctums of the Federal Power Commission, only to be replaced in the news by a similar but more acute situation in the Middle West. Far up the Mississippi, just before it winds through Minneapolis-St. Paul, a clear, fresh river called the St. Croix reaches off northward, cutting between Minnesota and Wisconsin. It is the last "clean" river running near a metropolitan area that is left in America. The St. Croix is 20 miles from the twin cities and is a playground for two million people.

To meet the growing needs of the twin cities region, Northern States Power Company now proposes to build the first of two coal-fired power plants, at a hamlet called Oak Park Heights, Minn., on the river bank and plump in the middle of this recreational area. The project is supported by the 320 residents of the village, who will get the benefit of higher tax income and of employment in building and maintaining the plant. It is opposed by a number of other people in the region who have banded themselves together in an organization called Save the St. Croix, Inc.

Some of their objections relate to aesthetics and the inconvenience the plant will cause. A half-mile-long pile of coal and a smokestack 785-feet high would be unsightly. Greatly increased barge traffic – hauling the coal to fire the burners – will make pleasure boating dangerous, especially as many of the boats are used by children.

There are more serious objections. To cool its machinery, the plant would need to suck in immense amounts of river water (660 cubic feet per second), then spout it back to the stream, 15 degrees hotter. Around Oak Park Heights, the river moves slowly and is more like a reservoir. In the summer when the stream flow is low, the gulping of the plant actually would exceed the flow of the river. Water temperature at nearby bathing beaches would mount to 85 degrees F, in the summer, ruling out swimming. Increasing the temperature upsets the balance of underwater life, destroying small animals and plants, resulting in growth of stinking green algae. Fish attracted to the warm water in the winter may die when they plunge back into the regular icy currents.

The coal-burning plant will give off the irritating air pollutant, sulphur dioxide. One reason for the tall stack is to get these gasses high into the air, but it is no real answer, since sulphur dioxide will drift down elsewhere.

Northern States Power need not build this plant on the St. Croix. It could build along the Mississippi River where it owns land. There river water clearly is used for commercial purposes and could be circulated through the plant's machinery and discharged without doing any great harm. As for air pollution, it is quite possible to trap the sulphur dioxide before it escapes, route it down to a subsidiary plant and change it into sulphuric acid for which there is an industrial market. Pennsylvania Electric Company is one power company now marketing on a competitive basis sulphuric acid made in this manner.

The trouble with the St. Croix dispute is that there is no mechanism for resolving it. To build the plant, the company needs permission from the municipality where it intends to locate. One branch of the state government (conservation) needs to approve sucking the water out of the river; another (water pollution control) must approve gushing it back in. The Federal Aviation Agency decides whether it is permissible to build such a high smokestack; the Army Corps of Engineers approves plans for building docks to handle the coal barges. It gets advice from the Interior Department. Meanwhile, other federal agencies, the PHS's air and water pollution sections, to name two, hover on the sidelines. They can't jump in before the plant actually is built, because there is no pollution to "abate." All in all there are something like 14 different state or federal agencies that have an interest in some aspect of this works, and nobody to bring the results together. This is one reason why Senator Nelson of Wisconsin has got the water and air pollution subcommittee of the Senate Public Works Committee to hold hearings on the St. Croix in Stillwater, Minn., this week. He, of course, will be looking to see whether in a case such as this, where the interstate ramifications are clear, the federal government should not be able to take action. In a more immediate sense, the hearing may serve to bring opposing groups together in some sort of voluntary agreement to save the river.

James Ridgeway

Homosexuality as Crime in North Carolina

On January 8, 1962, a state grand jury in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, handed down an indictment charging two men – call them Defendants A and B – with having committed a homosexual act, more specifically, *fellatio*. Defendant A pleaded no contest, received a five-year sentence and served a portion of it. Defendant B pleaded not guilty, was tried by a jury, and was sentenced to serve not less than 20 or more than 30 years in jail. The sentences were handed down by the same judge.

What is immediately shocking about this narrative

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is not merely the ferocity of Defendant B's sentence, but the disparity between his treatment and that meted out to Defendant A. One is led to suspect, perhaps unworthily, that race may have been a factor, or that a grotesquely unjust judge was being vindictive for some other improper reason. At the least, one wonders whether Defendant A may have been a minor, or whether Defendant B otherwise bore a heavier responsibility for the forbidden act – not that the unheard-of sentence could be justified in this fashion. But the truth is that Defendants A and B were consenting adult white males, and that the sentencing judge has a perfectly decent reputation and no past record of medieval savagery. This was no ordinary miscarriage of justice. The case is more interesting and sadder than that.

It was tried under a North Carolina law copied, with few modifications, which are themselves notable, from an English statute enacted in 1533. That statute, assented to by Henry VIII, made it a felony punishable by death to commit "the vice of buggery." North Carolina copied it in 1837, substituting a euphemism for the phrase just quoted. The statute was made to read in its entirety as follows: "Any person who shall commit the abominable and detestable crime against nature, not to be named among Christians, with either mankind or beast, shall be adjudged guilty of a felony, and shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy."

In 1854 the phrase about Christians and the anachronism about the benefits of clergy were struck, and 15 years later the death penalty was eliminated, and a punishment of not less than five nor more than 60 years was prescribed instead.

So the law stands in North Carolina to this day, and it has previously been interpreted to cover *fellatio*. However, no sentence exceeding five years seems ever before to have been imposed under this statute where the offenders were both adult males – at least the Attorney General of North Carolina was able to point to no instance of a higher sentence when requested to do so in federal court. Why then the catastrophic retribution visited on Defendant B?

Wore Women's Clothes

Inquiry indicates that Defendant B was a notorious character around town, walking about dressed in female clothes, wearing long hair, and making a public nuisance of himself. Indeed, he walked into his trial – being out on bail at the time – dressed in women's clothes. There was nothing to be done until he committed a provable overt act, and then evidently there was nothing to be done but put him in jail, virtually for the rest of his life. Apparently North Carolina has no resources other than the statute of Henry VIII, as appropriately modified to meet modern conditions, for dealing with the social problem and the public nuisance – assuming that a North Carolina community is entitled to so consider it – represented by Defendant B.

But there are the federal courts. Defendant B filed a petition for *habeas corpus* before Judge James Braxton Craven, of the United States District Court for the Western District of North Carolina in Asheville. There was a hearing at which Defendant B was represented by court-appointed counsel. Judge Craven fairly recoiled in shock. He found it difficult, however, under applicable precedents, to hold that a cruel and unusual punishment had been inflicted on Defendant B in violation of the Eighth Amendment of the federal Constitution. And he found it perhaps unnecessary to do so, since with only some slight straining an irregularity could be discovered in Defendant B's trial. Counsel who had earlier been appointed for Defendant B in the state court – other counsel – had had only two daylight hours in which to prepare a defense. The indictment was handed down on a Monday, counsel was appointed at 4:00 p.m. the following Tuesday afternoon, and trial began at 9:00 a.m. on Wednesday. Defendant B had therefore been deprived "of the effective aid and assistance of counsel." And so, on October 5, 1964, Judge Craven ordered that the defendant be released, unless within 60 days North Carolina chose to retry him. North Carolina, Judge Craven surmised, would very likely retry Defendant B, and so Judge Craven ended the opinion with some advice to his state: "Putting . . . [defendant] in the North Carolina prison system is a little like throwing Brer Rabbit into the briar patch. Most doctors who have studied homosexuality agree that prison environment . . . aggravates and strengthens homosexual tendencies and provides unexcelled opportunity for homosexual practices. . . .

"There is some indication of a willingness to take a fresh look at the statutes such as that of Henry VIII. . . . The American Law Institute proposes to punish only those 'deviate sexual relations' which involve force, imposition or corruption of the young. Voluntary, private homosexual acts between adults are specifically excluded. . . .

"Is it not time to redraft a criminal statute first enacted in 1533? And if so, cannot the criminal law draftsmen be helped by those best informed on the subject – medical doctors – in attempting to classify offenders? Is there any public purpose served by a possible 60-year maximum or even five-year *minimum* imprisonment of the occasional or one-time homosexual, without treatment, and if so, what is it?"

As Judge Craven foresaw, North Carolina does intend to retry Defendant B, probably this month. There is no indication, on the other hand, that North Carolina intends to revise its law.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

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THERE ARE TWO PRAGUES, SEPARATED BY AGE

Reform Yes, Revolution No

Prague

Soot still clings to the cupolas, castles and palaces of Prague but, down in the cavernous beer halls and theaters, the political smog is beginning to lift. There are, as perhaps there have always been, two Pragues.

There are the thrones of empires and the seats of exiles, the baroque monuments of Hapsburg and the sinister courtyards of Kafka, the medieval masterpieces of Catholicism and the squat and squalid mementos of mercantilism – culture layered upon culture, stone upon stone, forming grandeurs above and clutter below. There are blond, Germanic Slavs and dark Slavic Germans, and there is in all affairs the crazy confusion left by the idols and rulers of East and West as they marched through the very center of Europe here, down Vinohradska Street, alias Stalin Street, alias Herrmann Goehring Strasse, alias Avenue de Marshal Foch, alias Kaiser Franz Josef Strasse, and who knows what before.

And here they are again, those two Pragues: one bound to the Communist East and one straining toward the Revisionist West. The people who stay bound to the East include Communist intellectuals who imagine they are being daring when they cautiously criticize the regime in a veiled way, but they are not heroes to ordinary people living hard daily lives. Seven of every 10 young couples married in Prague today cannot find or afford separate living quarters. They are not impressed by the intricate mental games that are currently being played by the intellectuals.

The young people who could not abide the class-conscious entertainments at Soviet-style "factory clubs" have flocked again to the rundown remnants of subterranean, always subterranean cellars and coffee houses, where gypsy bands and finally jazz bands make them feel like "citizens," they say, and not just proletarians. These are the young people who discovered through their own diligence in dusty university archives the century-old suggestion of Karl Marx that Communist Party leaders should *not* control the Communist press, for who would then remain to utter loyal but necessary criticism? These are the young people who consume with the relish of novices the reissued works of Franz Kafka, those works of realism and ultimate absurdity that portray man's alienation from man; and who cheer Western Europe's theater of the absurd, with its ultimate realism in describing man's similarity to man.

"Comrades," the leader of Czechoslovak Communists, Antonin Novotny, said not long ago, "we are faced with pressing problems with regard to our youth, among whom certain disquieting factors have recently become apparent.

"Naturally," he added, "we reject those views which artificially produce the impression of some kind of ideological conflict between generations." But rejected or not, there are two Pragues of different ages. Shame and disgrace now cling to those who led or collaborated with the slavish imitation of Stalin's ways in the name of idealistic Communism. They bear the burden of having failed spiritually as well as materially. They have lived to experience their children's judgment: for 10 of their 15 years of power here, the Communists themselves now confess, they lived a brutal lie.

Those of middle age who are inextricably bound to that past or who still have a stake in it are being contemptuously, though still cautiously, condemned by the young as "conservatives" and as "dogmatists," as once noble figures permanently stained with filth and soot, like Prague's grand mansions.

It was not until last year that Prague's older Communists dared to demolish the enormous granite statue of Stalin that had loomed over the city from across the Moldau River, for they knew that its destruction would hasten their own. And sure enough, in the wake of demolition there developed an angry debate over who must bear the blame, leading inexorably to a purge of the purgers, from which Novotny barely escaped.

In finally dampening the discussion, the oldtimers put forward the novel and desperate thesis that those who inflicted the pain had suffered every bit as much as their victims. And despite the expediency of the argument, it is not entirely false. It must be painful indeed today to watch and wait for the young massing their assault upon the old and upon the dreams of a Communist lifetime. Subterranean Prague is smiling today because it senses an opportunity to evolve anew, to hoist new stones on the old, in the local tradition.

What does it want? In the words of some influential young men within the system, "we want to keep the socialist economic system but we intend to have democracy"; "rights of criticism and discussion, truth in history, respect for human rights"; "decency in government."

These are not coffeehouse malcontents or fiery rebels. "The old boys here have learned," it is said with

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a smile, "that the revolution is not coming in America and we hope you Americans have learned that there is no revolution coming in Prague." No, they are central European connivers with newly won places in the academies of sciences and in the film studios and in the repertory theaters and on the managing boards of mislabeled "cultural" journals. They are riding the tide of reform forced by economic failure in the Communist world, the contacts with the West afforded by the lessening of international tension and the upheaval in the East prompted by the rift between Moscow and Peking.

Those among them whose eyes are undazzled by present-day Western culture are nevertheless uncomfortable about having been led so long by Byzantine conspirators in Moscow. They feel a much greater kinship with the other impatient young Communists of Yugoslavia, France and, especially, Italy. Bureaucratic tyranny, no matter of what party, appalls them. They find appreciative claques for their views in the universities here.

It is not because they loved Khrushchev but because they welcomed the opportunities of his reign that they were made anxious by his removal.

MAX FRANKEL

Why Bail Out the States?

by Christopher Jencks

The "Heller Plan" for bolstering bankrupt states with massive "no-strings" grants from the federal Treasury was described two weeks ago in these pages by Edwin L. Dale, Jr. Soon President Johnson will have to decide whether to make such a scheme the keystone of his 1965 legislative program. My guess is that he will not choose to start his Administration with such a divisive proposal, for the plan is sure to provoke opposition from organized labor, civil rights groups, many Congressional liberals, and from a majority of Mr. Johnson's departmental subordinates. But this is only a guess, and even if it proves correct there is a possibility that the plan will be submitted in 1966, by which time the major items of unfinished New Frontier business (particularly aid to education) will hopefully have been disposed of. Since the plan has a good deal of appeal, it is important to be clear what is wrong with it.

Even a casual survey of 20th Century American politics suggests that the major pillars of the *status quo* have been the 50 states. Conversely the major force for innovation and progress has been the federal government. States have occasionally served as "laboratories of democracy," trying out on a small scale ideas which spread across the country once they prove workable. (California's two-year "community colleges" are an example.) States have also, occasionally, proved more responsive than the federal government to the needs of their residents. But these are the exceptions. More often, the federal government, with its vast resources and comparatively innovation-minded officials, has been the sponsor of new and experimental programs. This has been true of almost every scientific and technological area; it has been true in fields like criminal law and penology, in the operation of public parks and conservation programs, and recently in educational research and development.

The laggardness of states is sometimes explained in terms of rural domination of state legislatures. Court-ordered reapportionment, by ending rural control of the legislatures, will lead, so one is told, to more modern and responsive state government. Unfortunately, what ails our states is deeper than any hegemony of the farms and small towns, and no amount of tampering with the electoral system is likely to cure it. The Mississippi legislature would be no less a farce if it included a dozen more white supremacists from Jackson and the Gulf Coast and a dozen fewer from the Delta plantations. The Illinois legislature will be no less corrupt when reactionaries from downstate are supplanted by a few of Mayor Daley's henchmen from Cook County. Similarly, the trouble with Massachusetts politics is not that Boston and Newton have too few votes; it's that people like the Saltonstalls, Lodges and Kennedys do not spend their time trying to clean up the State House; they want to use their home state as a springboard to Washington. So it goes, and so it will continue.

Some proponents of the Heller Plan admit this. But, they say, the present woes of the states stem in large measure from the legislators' refusal to vote higher

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taxes, not from their unwillingness to spend whatever money they have on the services which a complex society needs. State legislatures, it is noted, have in recent years spent almost half their revenue on education, and much of the rest on health and welfare. If they were given more money from Washington, they would undoubtedly spend this money in much the same way.

This argument is more often made by economists than by political scientists, and for a good reason. The economists define the "school problem" largely in terms of increasing the nation's total expenditure on education. *How* the money is spent seems to them comparatively unimportant. The same goes for other areas in which government services are now inadequate. But simply increasing aggregate expenditures, while it is a prerequisite to improved service, is by no means a sufficient condition for it. State legislatures are less concerned than the US Congress with the general welfare, and more amenable to various special interest groups, ranging from the bankers and the liquor interests to the state education association. The refusal of the legislatures to raise taxes is a symptom of this domination, and the Heller Plan, while alleviating the symptom, will leave the basic pathology untouched.

State boundaries, moreover, do not correspond with the economic, social or cultural divisions in American life. Almost invariably the problems with which the states try to deal call for some combination of national and local effort. The state is merely a superfluous intermediary obstacle. Because of this, state government offers few men much opportunity to use their talents. There are a certain number of gifted and idealistic people willing and able to take at least a part-time interest in local government; in some rural, small-town and suburban settings this means that the often-exaggerated virtues of "town-meeting democracy" are preserved. There are other individuals who are deeply committed to national politics as a way of simultaneously serving their own personal needs and those of the general public; Washington today is full of them. State capitals, however, are almost devoid of such spirits.

The reason is simple. In most communities, sophisticated and gifted individuals are likely to go away to college and to take jobs where the work promises to be interesting. The most talented people are the most mobile, and in any given community the "natural elite" is likely to be composed largely of recent arrivals. Such men usually think in national terms, take little interest in state politics. Even if they did, they would not have as good a chance of getting elected to public office as the long-time residents. There will also be a few important old-timers, often comparatively wealthy, who pay attention to state and local affairs. But these men have little time or inclination to run for the state legislature. The result is that candidates for the legislature tend to be local hacks sponsored by more sophisticated and powerful men.

Again, there are exceptions. Some bright young men run for the legislature in order to prove they have electoral appeal, and so qualify themselves for a shot at a Congressional seat. Others run because they hope that they can use a seat in the legislature to enhance their hometown status, income or both. They are seldom ready to make a career out of legislating. And without career legislators who live with the consequences of their handiwork, laws dealing with such complex problems as education, public health, transportation, banks, utility regulation and so forth are likely to be left to special interest lobbyists. Nor is the number of men competent to deal with these problems likely to increase just because the number of representatives from big cities and suburbs increases. On the contrary, the representatives of these areas, while more politically liberal than those of the rural areas, are often less dedicated and less intelligent.

A Kind of Cancer

The limitations of the state legislators inevitably infect the executive and judicial branches of state governments. Many state governors are able, but more often than not they soon discover that their state is essentially ungovernable. So they use the governor's mansion primarily as a platform on which to run for the US Senate, or even for a Presidential nomination. Below the top, the situation is worse. State legislators, seldom the wealthiest or most talented people in their home communities, tend to set salary scales that are too low to attract first-rate civil servants. A vicious circle is established, in which mediocrity attracts mediocrity, and the legislature refuses to raise salaries or hire enough men to do the work that needs doing, because the people already on the payroll seem idle and undeserving of raises. A similar kind of cancer infects many state courts; the bench is used for political patronage or as a springboard to higher office.

Finally, state governments exist in something close to a publicity vacuum. Both the quantity and quality of newspaper and television coverage is inferior to that given national affairs, and the ease with which state affairs can be manipulated by special interests is proportionally greater. Votes can be, and are, bought and sold without anyone paying much attention. Voters seldom know who their representatives in the state capital are, much less how they stand on various issues.

What is to be done? There have always been two possibilities. One is to reform the states. The other is gradually to transfer the responsibilities they have so conspicuously failed to meet to the national government. If the foregoing analysis is correct, reform is

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unlikely, and the Heller Plan becomes a substitute for reform of state revenue codes. The fact that the states have persistently refused to improve their outmoded and regressive methods of raising money does not suggest that they will do better in other departments. There was, for example, nothing to prevent state legislatures from hiking income taxes last year to soak up the surplus created by the federal tax cut. Yet the legislators were almost unanimous in their failure to seize this opportunity. Instead, they devoted their time to wailing about how it was "impossible" to provide state aid to education on the scale requested by local school boards, "impossible" to provide medical assistance for the elderly under the Kerr-Mills Act, "impossible" to establish adequate mental health programs, "impossible" to clean up polluted rivers and air. In short, it was impossible to do anything that was not already being done. The Heller Plan will not change this mentality; it will perpetuate it – and not in the museum where it belongs, but as the mentality of the men who distribute federal largesse.

The alternative to such idiocy is to create, at long last, a national government which offers national solutions to the pressing domestic problems of the day. This was the work which the New Deal began, and it is the work which Lyndon Johnson ought to continue. For the first time in 26 years there appears to be a majority in the House of Representatives ready to support such an approach to our problems.

Unfit to Govern

This need not mean the end of local initiative or responsiveness to local needs. General Motors, for example, is a national corporation, but it is also highly decentralized and allows its local affiliates a great deal of autonomy. There is no need to generate the vast bureaucracy which so distresses conservatives and liberals alike. The federal government has a multitude of tools for carrying out its programs. The states are only one such tool, the least satisfactory. The government can also transfer money to individuals, as it does in the Social Security program. It can pass along federal tax revenues to private organizations, as it does to anti-delinquency programs like Mobilization for Youth in New York City. It can grant money to local governments, as is done under the Urban Renewal program. It can set up regional organizations, like TVA, whose powers and responsibilities are defined by economic geography, not the historical accident that a state boundary went here rather than there. Or it can contract with corporations, public or private, to perform jobs that need doing. This has been done with research in high energy physics, with the manufacture of soldiers' boots, and with a hundred thousand other things.

The form of federal activity can be as diverse as the problems with which it deals. The important point is that ultimate responsibility should fall upon the Congress and the President, not on 50 baronies, almost all of which have proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that they are basically unfit to govern.

Defenders of the Heller Plan argue that it is not a *substitute* for a national program to deal with education, transportation, mental and physical health, and poverty. Rather, they say, it is a *supplement*. Is it? So long as the President is convinced that inflation is a greater social evil than poor schools, poor houses, and poor people, large federal deficits are ruled out. And so long as this is the case, every new government program must be viewed as a competitor with every other. There is also a practical political point. If the President decides to push for the Heller Plan this year, he will have little political muscle left for other controversial programs, and Congress will have little time to deal with them.

The Heller Plan, moreover, cannot be viewed in isolation. If this becomes the keystone of the Johnson program, either this year or next, it will set the tone of the Johnson Administration and mark a dramatic victory for those who want future federal activity channelled through the states. These men, having perceived that the states are going to be around for a long time, have defined statesmanship as the expansion of a necessary evil. Tired after four years of struggling with a recalcitrant Congress and an unwieldy Washington bureaucracy, intensely aware that their dreams of 1960-61 are far from fulfilled, many New Frontier graduates have begun to talk about the importance of local initiative and responsibility. Having over-learned the lesson of 1961-63, namely that a President cannot govern effectively without Congressional support, they now assume that he cannot even govern with it. The result is a bizarre alliance between the troglodytes who sermonize about states' rights and federal wrongs, the special interest groups who know it is easier to manipulate state legislatures than the national one, and the fainthearted liberals. This united front may yet carry the day.

Mr. Dale summed up the whole problem neatly when he quoted an Administration official as saying that if President Johnson proposed a program of national legislation he would get 50 percent of what he wanted, whereas if he gave the money back to the states to do with as they wish he would get 90 percent. This formulation is correct; only the numerical values inserted in the equation seem to me wrong. If President Johnson proposes a program of national legislation, he should be able to get 65 percent of what he asks; if he hands federal funds to the state legislatures, he will be lucky to get a 25 percent return on his investment.

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After the Fall

A Republican's Hopes for His Party

by Malcolm C. Moos

"Don't take it too hard, Moos," said Jim Farley quietly, as he wrapped an arm around the shoulder of my father, who was taking a last look about the federal office he had administered with loving care for over a decade. "Your team will be at bat again in a few years."

The time was 1934. The scene was a coronation ceremony in St. Paul, Minnesota, to replace a Republican with a Democrat, and Jim Farley was presiding over the rites with the gentle, courtly dignity that befitted the champion that he was.

Thirty years have passed, and so has my father after reaching a healthy 84 in 1961. But what has happened to that Republican Party he loved? For just 24 months, 1953-55, it was in control of the national government, and even then by the faltering, unworkable majority of three votes in the House, one in the Senate.

In a burst of high hopes, the GOP Presidential ticket did so well in 1960 that the CBS projection at 7:15 p.m. declared the odds were 100 to one that Nixon would be the winner by a margin of 459 electoral votes to Kennedy's 78 (an error caused by the uneven distribution of Catholic voters across the nation), only to see the early lead give way to another Democratic victory. But even had Nixon won the Presidency, the Republicans again got a minority in the House and Senate and less than one-third of the governorships.

This month, as Republicans begin to crawl out of their storm cellars to survey the wreckage, a new folklore is already being generated to try and make the worst walloping in history look like a victory. It's a form of gamesmanship a little like the myth diligently peddled after World War I that the German armies were never defeated. The rejoinders follow two lines: First, the claim is advanced that the election has firmly founded a two-party system in Dixie. Yet the results completely dismantle the notion that a permanent base for a two-party system has been established in the South. Though Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi landed in the Republican column, the vote in these four states is highly misleading. The Republican margin in these states came from 100 counties. In each of these counties Negroes outnumber whites, and are effectively discouraged from going to the polls. Once the long arm of the federal government reaches down to this region to bring full voting rights, the Republican margins will be quickly overcome. Much the same result can probably be predicted for the survival chances of the new Congressional contingent elected from this area.

Elsewhere in the South any budding hopes for a broadly based two-party system look equally glum at the moment. Five-sixths of the growing Republican representation in the Texas legislature went down to defeat along with the 10-year Congressional veteran from Dallas, Bruce Alger.

A second view of the meaning of the recent election insists that the very fact it was possible to nominate a man who could offer the voters a real choice was a victory in itself, thus the defeat at the polls will not weaken, but expand and solidify conservative forces. This thesis was put forward by John Dos Passos before the election, and it is currently being retailed over many counters. It is a belief fiercely held and cannot be ignored. Its depth and intensity are suggested by a brief look at the recent past.

Just how the calamity at the Cow Palace came about last July will be hotly debated by historians and sociologists far into the future. But one development is certain to emerge as a major element in the long story of how the Republican Party was captured: the movement was greatly aided and abetted by young people.

Even in the early years of the Eisenhower Administration members of the National Young Republicans organization were carping about Ike's policies. At their

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MALCOLM C. MOOS, *the author (with Francis Rourkel) of* The Republicans: A History of the Party, *served as an assistant to President Eisenhower from 1957-60, as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee in Maryland and as professor of political science at The Johns Hopkins University. He was a delegate to the GOP national convention in 1956, an associate editor of the* Baltimore Evening Sun *and has written numerous books on American politics.*

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meeting in Detroit in June, 1955, they criticized him sharply for failure to balance the budget and for the dangerous drift toward paternalism. These were Young Republicans, not members of the right-wing Young Americans for Freedom whose leader maintains American colleges have become "left-wing brain laundries." The attitudes of great numbers of Young Republicans in the 1950's showed the direction in which they were moving, and it is hardly surprising that a decade later they were working for the Goldwater nomination.

During the past four years one might almost conclude that some evil genie was determined to disrupt the Republican Party. They have been angry years. Take just three events that reflect something of the totality of Republican disarray – all of them occurring the same day: December 18, 1961. In California, the state chairman of the Young Republicans made the alarming complaint that several delegates to the Los Angeles county convention were carrying firearms. Making his charge on a televised program, chairman Claude Ashen warned that if any delegate tried this tactic at the state convention of Young Republicans meeting at Disneyland in February, 1962, he would call the police.

Also that day, Alf Landon, the 1936 Republican standard-bearer, issued a bristling note of warning that if the GOP fought Congressional pressures to lift trade restrictions, he might leave his party.

And on the same morning, from his lofty perch in the tower of the Waldorf Astoria, Herbert Hoover issued a blast at the right-wing Americans for Constitutional Action for their unfair attack upon Speaker John McCormack. Paradoxically, mention of Mr. Hoover raises one of the greatest ironies of recent Republican history. At the very moment of Hoover's death, when Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield was paying tribute to him as a great President, and just as the nation had finally come to believe that Hoover was not insensitive to human needs – a doubt that dogged Republican candidates for a generation – the national leadership of the GOP was once more reseeding the idea that Republicans don't like people.

"We Shall Overcome!"

A Deadly Mist

The most premature analysis of Republican fortunes at the moment must concede: (1) that the angry mood which has settled over Republican activities like a deadly mist for a long spell is not going to lift easily; and (2) that the right-wing of the party still has many young, aggressive claimants who can be expected to compete actively and spiritedly for party recognition and public office. Two-and-one-half years ago the *Economist* of London, after a long look at our universities and young political groups, observed that if some of the young conservatives carry out their announced intentions of seeking political power instead of security and financial gain after leaving college, "they may soon infuse the GOP with a steady stream of zealots who will push the party further to the right in the next few years." The November election should have dampened this spirit, but there are still many followers in the wings who mutter that Goldwater "goofed" and that a true, intelligent probe of the popular will has yet to be tested.

In speaking of the divisive influence between parties, Senator Dirksen once made the classic remark that when it is all over "all the healing waters will close over our dissidence and we shall go forward as a solid phalanx once more." It is a happy truism about interparty politics, but it must be acknowledged that in the frame of history of intra-party politics, the factional fires burn deeply.

When an old acquaintance of mine introduced me to a young woman who was a Goldwater delegate last summer, she looked at my Scranton pin and then said with considerable heat: "You must be one of those wicked Easterners!" "I'm from Hackensack," I replied. "I knew it," she said triumphantly, "you just had to be from the East." "Hackensack, Minnesota," I countered

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(where we spend our summers on Ten Mile Lake), but it was no use; to her I was no more than a reincarnated robber baron.

If there is any myth that should have been punctured by the recent takeover of the Republicans it is the notion that the GOP is ruled by an Eastern Establishment. The idea that a few kindred spirits from Wall Street and the publisher of the *New York Herald Tribune* sit down and pick GOP Presidential nominees has just about as much credence as the stories in circulation at the time the Nye Committee was investigating the munitions industry back in 1934: that evil men gathered about long green tables to plot wars so they could sell munitions.

When Willkie was selected, let it be recalled, it was Charlie Halleck of Indiana who placed him in nomination and Harold Stassen, then the 33-year-old Governor of Minnesota, who was Willkie's floor leader. In the recent Scranton pre-convention campaign, the state that proportionately contributed more funds than any of the 50 was not New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey, but Minnesota. Even so, the myth of the Eastern Establishment dies hard and it is a peevish syndrome that will continue to be asserted.

In the ideological battle for the mind of the Republican Party, the imminent need for moderates and progressives to redefine Republican policies according to the lights they follow is widely assumed. But this business of trying to paint an agreed-upon picture of what the Grand Old Party stands for has sometimes led to some bizarre results. In 1961, the Republican Committee of Missouri looked into the matter and concluded that the difficulty is mainly the fault of the Democrats, who win all the elections and thus prevent Republicans from showing where the party stands.

The fact is that the Republican Party has repeatedly spelled out its beliefs in such detail that James MacGregor Burns could sum up the achievement admiringly in 1963 and say: "The party possessed by 1960 as coherent, specific and positive a set of doctrines as it had owned perhaps since the post-Civil War days." These doctrines were embodied in President Eisenhower's proposals to Congress, the Republican national platform of 1960, and Nixon's campaign speeches the same year. Perhaps they found their most cogent, forthright and prophetic form a year earlier, however, in *Decisions for a Better America* (prepared by the Republican Committee on Programs and Progress, under the chairmanship of Charles H. Percy). And to this list one could quickly add several of an imposing number of position papers published by the Republican Critical Issues Council under the leadership of Milton Eisenhower, and indeed General Eisenhower's own compact "this I do believe" statement of belief, published just before the California Presidential primary.

Surely there is much to be gained from taking a fresh look at party doctrine and policy; any measures which encourage a meaningful dialogue between Republicans is to be applauded – conferences, midterm conventions and *ad hoc* organizations. Massachusetts Attorney General Edward Brooke's plan to hold a conference next year for this purpose (a similar proposal was also advanced by Herbert Hoover after the 1936 election) could definitely be helpful in carbonating party spirits and generating public interest, particularly among groups that bolted in the recent election.

Ad hoc organizations have a very special role: the production of new policies for upcoming campaigns. The striking fact about the Democratic Advisory Council between 1956 and 1961 was that it prospered and held firm. Not so the Critical Issues Council of the Republicans, which despite some first-rate position papers was badly handicapped by not being an integral part of the Republican National Committee. The real contribution *ad hoc* organizations can make in regenerating a party lies in the assistance they can give the Congressional wing of the party by way of cranking up new ideas and helping understaffed legislators break new ground.

The Real Problem

All generalizations aside, no summit meeting of governors, *ad hoc* committees or noisy brawling over the national committee chairman will give the party a leader for the next four years who can speak for it. In large measure the Congressional contingent will again be writing a record that will be judged further down the road, and the important task of all progressives and moderates is to begin at once to see that the record is not found wanting. Fortunately the GOP is not without resources. Among younger groups it has the Ripon Society, which has turned out several first-class studies, including a remarkably well-done paper on civil rights; the Trumbull Society based at Columbia, an organization that has also turned out exciting materials; and several other promising younger groups in different parts of the country.

Even so, the really critical problem in all such efforts to tell where a party stands is to rejoin people with doctrine and policy. Simply restating and proclaiming a series of random principles is not going to accomplish much unless (1) more precise programs are offered that show the way toward new ground; (2) leaders are sought who will run for mayor, state legislatures and Congress who can redeem these beliefs.

At the moment, of course, all eyes are focused on a single event: What will happen to the national chairman? Will he survive the national committee meeting in January? Will he hold on just a few months until

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an agreed-upon successor can be found? Or will he keep his post in curious defiance of the election returns because the moderates are unable to agree?

Organizational charts to the contrary, national committees have operated preeminently as mimeograph foundries. Power still is a matter of disconnected sovereignties across the 50 states, and the national committee has been quite powerless to make demands upon these independent state organizations. The chairmanship does provide a forum, however, and in an age where the post has increasing visibility over nationally televised programs, any early decision on the fate of the present chairman will give the public an indication of the way the battle is moving in the struggle for the mind of the party.

But beyond new leadership reflecting the popular will of the party ideologically, the question remains: what to do about making the national committee a more effective instrument. No organizational orgy can transform it overnight, but a reconstituted membership base would help. One way would be to abolish the present national committee, and have the new national committee composed of the state chairman and chairwoman from each state. The structural base of the national committees in both major parties has become obsolete by significant changes since the Civil War. Originally the national committeeman's principal duties were to decide patronage matters and to be personally wealthy enough to make substantial contributions to the campaign war chest.

A New National Committee

At present, patronage has largely disappeared, and fund-raising is largely delegated to special finance committees. Today a national committee composed of state chairmen with a close working relationship with the actual organizational machinery of the party at the local level could be a far more effective institution. For the Republican Party particularly, a national committee working closely with Republican governors who run on a statewide ballot, and who grapple daily with the cross-currents of urbanization and all its problems, has much to commend it. It would give the governors a more important voice in national party affairs and, when the party elects a President, it would help bring the party organizational substructure (the powerful county chairmen) into much closer focus with the national leadership. To continue having two bodies – one composed of the state chairmen and chairwomen, the other the national committeemen and national committeewomen – no longer makes sense (29 state chairmen are already on the Republican National Committee under a bonus arrangement). With the reason for its existence outflanked by developments, the national committee ought to give way in favor of one committee of state chairmen, just as many see more unicameral legislatures coming on the scene now that the principle of one-man, one-vote has been applied to both houses in our state governments.

In all conjecture about the Republican future one should probably note that, without doing anything, the Grand Old Party ought to pick up 20 House seats at the next midterm elections, simply because the coattail drag that capsized Congressional candidates in every region will not be operating in 1966. But the journey beyond – to build a strong national party – will be a hard climb. Pressures will continue for a neat, compartmentalized party with inflexible doctrinal lines. Curiously, the chant of the more extremist liberal Democrats of a generation ago for a strict compartmentalization of party doctrine has now been adopted by the right-wing conservatives. Both are wrong.

No party can satisfy the intellectuals who long for logical, uncompromising purity. If the party system is to work it must keep the far-out extremists clear of the playing field. We are fond of saying there is room for everyone in the party, but this rhetorical banality can be overdone. To bound back into the game with the burning hope of becoming a majority party, the Republican Party must keep the Minutemen and their gunslingers off limits. Failure to dissociate completely from such groups will move more Republicans into the Democratic column, not just for one bizarre election, but as new Democratic registrants.

In some jottings of his that were discovered a few years ago, de Tocqueville had written: "Political parties, when they come to birth in a people, have for some time and in some respects the attributes of youth. Their passions and excesses have something of generosity of the extreme, and of devotion in them. But political parties in a nation long stirred by factions take on a character of dishonorable selfishness, a sort of spirit of misanthropy, something in a word that tastes of disenchantment and cold passions and . . . old age."

The Republican Party gave the nation the generosity of its youth. If there is disenchantment, there is also a bracing belief in Republican revival. But the comeback will not be accomplished by trying to doll up Jumbo with cosmetics in the prayful hope that a slightly altered image will help seduce what Robert Taft used to call the "stenographer vote," or what Gifford Pinchot called the stomach vote. The compelling need of the party is to identify its overriding concern, not with where people used to live, but with where they live. And two-thirds of them live in cities – and this means that the Republican Party must build its reputation anew on the basis of its ability to cope with the great urban problems – education, transportation, cleaning the air, urban blight and a long catalogue of others.

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One Refugee Child's Story

by Richard Gilman

"My childhood had not prepared me to expect harm from grownups," Lore Segal writes towards the beginning of this immensely impressive, unclassifiable book. On the surface it is an account of flight from the Nazis, of displacement and transplantation; but beneath that it contains an extraordinarily subtle rendering of the self, a tracing of its parabola through growth, time and the successions of place, a tracking down of the ways in which personal history managed to survive the mortal shame and sorrow of the era that enclosed it.

Other People's Houses
by Lore Segal
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $5.95)

A victim, but with no visible scars to finger, a displaced person before having had time to become a person, she was allowed to live with not a hand on her, but the price was to live on the abstract kindness and generalized pity of others, in their "houses," the broad house of existence itself having been undermined, the implication of her world being that one's life could not be guaranteed, only temporarily and arbitrarily endorsed, as though it were a visa. This is Mrs. Segal's "refugee" story, and in its cool, dry, accurate vision it makes almost all others, no matter how full of physical suffering, seem obvious and, what is most remarkable, irrelevant.

She was ten, the only child of middle-class parents, when the Germans invaded and annexed Austria. After some months of semi-hiding ("Jewish apartments in those days were infinitely expandable") she was put on a list of children being sent to England under the sponsorship of a refugee organization there and with the grudging permission of the Nazis. It was getting close to the eleventh hour. With the number 152 on a cardboard tag hung round her neck, small, large-eyed and painfully intelligent as her passport photograph shows, clutching a gift from her mother (her favorite sausage whose odor was to cause her a great deal of embarrassment on the trip) she left Vienna shortly before Christmas of 1938. Her parents assured her they would join her before very long; a few months later they did manage to get to England, but the three were never to live as a family again.

In England the girl spent some weeks at a refugee camp, and then "I finished my letter to my parents, saying that I was going to go and live with this lovely Orthodox family in Liverpool and would they please write and tell me what did 'Orthodox' mean." From then on she was to live with a succession of families, most of them non-Jewish. When her parents arrived, they found employment nearby, her accountant father clumsily and complainingly trying his hand as a gardener, her vigorous, Gibralter-sturdy mother working as a waitress and a cook.

The father was ill, and on a deeper level unable to find a principle of life in an alien land. Mrs. Segal's account of his physical crises, decline and death is dry-eyed and a slap to sentimentalists, for with a child's intuitive grasp of the perilously narrow economy she was allowed to exist under she had only so much emotion to spare for him. The rest went to her mother, whose furious energy and unflagging dignity sustained them all, and to the quest for her own outlines, her rising shape against a background which obviously could never be fully trusted to help define her.

The description of these years of her teens in which she appropriated England to her self-knowledge and maturation as a counter-movement to its preoccupied toleration of her, is a fusion of the most lucid observation and the clearest appreciation of self. She is being sent to a new family:

> "I went straight out to see the Grimsleys, who lived in an oyster-pink brick street of identical semi-detached houses so new that the street was still unpaved and the front garden was a square yard of churned, dried white mud. Mrs. Grimsley opened the front door, peering with a distracted air over my head for her two boys, who, she said, were playing somewhere out front. She must have been twenty-six or -seven, plump and fair, with a bland, round forehead so furrowed with embarrassment that I made her sit down and questioned her about the house and family. Mrs. Grimsley seemed anxious to please. When I left, she asked me if I thought I would be coming to live with them, and I said, 'Yes, all right'."

She insisted on her dignity before she knew what it consisted in, and this meant that to her hosts she appeared at least as ungrateful as not, a small, intractable figure of awkward but decisive presence, who would not let go of the thin chance they had given her and kept crowding them for a wider one. But there were occasions when the tension became too great, the burden of asserting a self for which all the definitions came from outside became too heavy. She attempted suicide once, and it was a dividing line; thereafter

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there was to be no question of succumbing.

As she grew older the question became: who is it that is surviving, what creature is coming to womanhood, and what is womanhood itself? Socially, she had little to go on, except England as a measurement of her deficiencies. She was accepted at Oxford, but circumstances made it impossible for her to go, and perhaps it was best: "Oxford seemed everything that I was not: at ease with itself, at one with its own past – upper class, English."

But much more deeply she underwent, in those houses that denied her a past, a long crisis of almost purely feminine doubt. There is something close to heroism in her refusal to make her experiences account for her feelings of ugliness and graceless being; and in portraying these feelings against the pressure of her circumstances she triumphs over the trap of self-pity and the surrogate fatality that mars so many books of this genre.

She ached for love and was helpless before the rules of the game. On the boat going to the Dominican Republic, where she joined her mother, grandparents and uncle in 1948, "There was a Lithuanian student . . . we talked about the aesthetics of light and about comparative religion. Once, standing at the rail as the sun was setting, his radiant face turned towards me, he said he had something he wanted to tell me, but there was such a pounding of blood in my ears and light exploding that I could not stand it and I said, 'What's that book you're reading?' "

In the Dominican Republic her search for herself continued. The opportunities in that most unreal of places were miniscule, but such encounters as she had crumbled against the obduracy of her double vision of herself as unworthy and at the same time a splendid hold-out. After one abortive relationship she writes, "it frightened me that I had not been tempted. I began to fear that I was incorruptible forever."

The book maintains its careful balance between self-revelation and the seizing of pertinence from external events. The years in the Dominican Republic pass and she writes of the ways in which her family, especially her grandmother – a splendid portrait of estrangement and oddly aristocratic stamina, in whose stories "the Christians always spoke with peasant accents" – tread water, running a grocery in a small town and dreaming, without glitter or fever, of the US. To which they finally are allowed to come.

In New York the girl takes various jobs and begins to think of writing, combining that ambition with her unappeased hunger for the day of the swan to come and render the duckling a mere phase: she would write a story about "a girl who saves all her money to buy the dress that's going to make her nose small and round."

And in New York the long journey over surfaces ends. The family takes root, to a depth commensurate with each member's residuum of will and unexpended life. There are no rituals. "We don't celebrate anything any more," Mrs. Segal tells a friend. "No Christmas because we're Jewish, and no Jewish holidays because we were assimilated Austrians, and no Austrian holidays because we got thrown out for being Jewish, and we haven't acquired the American holidays yet." But self and place have found a coherence. She marries, has children, discovers a way to identify her true beauty. Then she writes this book, whose only flaw is a reticence and caution that pulls it back from dangerous junctures where she might have composed something richer, though not more accurate and shapely.

The last lines repeat to us the delicate, fearful song whose melody she followed to the end: "My husband is Jewish, too, but he was born in America and accepts without alarm this normal season of our lives; but I, now that I have children and am about the same age my mother was when Hitler came, walk gingerly and in astonishment upon this island of my comforts, knowing that it is surrounded on all sides by calamity."

Next Week

The Holmes-Einstein Correspondence

reviewed by

Francis Biddle

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Passage To Post-Civilization

by Alvin Toffler

For many years I have been aware of a special kind of unorganized intellectual underground in America. Its members are to be found here and there on the campus, on the advanced planning staffs of giant corporations, among science fiction writers, and only occasionally in government. As a subterranean society these people have no formal contact, no rituals of membership, no insider's handclasp. Yet they recognize one another after only a few minutes of conversation. The key is their shared sense of living at the brink of the vastly different future.

The Meaning of the Twentieth Century
by Kenneth Boulding
(Harper & Row; $4.50)

Everyone, of course, pays lip service to change. The businessman tells you his industry is in flux. The physician complains about how hard it is to keep up with medical progress. But only a tiny handful comprehend that the changes they observe in their own sphere of interest are part of a tremendous shock wave of social development sweeping over mankind, gathering force, smashing traditional institutions and relationships, creating a totally new society. And only a still smaller number understand – in their viscera as well as in their brain pans – that now is a nodal moment.

Kenneth Boulding is not only a member in good standing of this select circle of intellectuals, but has, with this slender and easily-read essay, called public attention to the existence of this widespread underground and provided it with a manifesto.

To say that we are living through a "second industrial revolution" is not only a cliché, Boulding believes, but a monumental underestimation. We are living through a changeover so profound that, in comparison, the industrial revolution was a relatively minor kink in the line of history.

Thus Boulding argues that all human history until now can be seen in two stages. The first is pre-civilization. The second, starting sometime around 10,000 years ago and continuing, more or less, to the present, goes by the name of civilization. What is happening now is a great transition into a third stage that Bolding terms "post-civilization." He makes no attempt to describe post-civilization comprehensively. But he believes it will be a world from which many of the inconveniences of civilization will have been eliminated. For example, "A strong case can be made for the proposition that war is essentially a phenomenon of the age of civilization and that it is inappropriate both to precivilized and postcivilized societies. It represents an interlude in man's development. . . ." War will not wither away because man will have suddenly become an angel, but because nations will find that, given the economic and scientific realities of tomorrow, an investment in science will yield more than an investment in war. Similarly, the last vestiges of imperialism will have vanished, and the development of the new science of conflict management will help create a workable system of disarmament.

Post-civilization will have its problems. Boulding suggests – a bit conventionally – that uniformity will be a menace, not merely in mass entertainment and transportation but in housing and dress. But he goes on to say – unconventionally – that "the development of religious sects and subcultures which are isolated from the world by what may seem a nonrational ideology may turn out to be extremely useful devices for preserving the diversity of mankind."

Clearly, post-civilization will be a society of superabundance. This, too, has its dangers. We may create an environment so stable and so accommodated to man's needs that man will lose his adaptability. Whether he does or not, he will certainly have to rethink all his present assumptions about his own nature and the purpose of society. It may be, Boulding goes on, that post-civilization will specialize in providing man

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with "spiritual experiences of a quality which we now realize only in rare moments of intuition."

It is not, however, Boulding's mission to play the prophet. His point is that the present transition must be recognized for what it is, a profound break in historic continuity, comparable in magnitude to the shift from the hunting, fishing and pastoral societies of pre-civilization to the city-centered agricultural societies that were the basis of civilized society until the present. Like the historical materialists, he emphasizes the importance of economics in determining the contour of society. He reminds us, for example, that agriculture made possible for the first time the production of a significant food surplus without which civilization cannot exist.

But Boulding goes beyond the classical historical materialists and introduces the modern notion of the "knowledge accumulation, relates it to epistemology, and traces the rise of modern science from its amateur origins to its central role as a catalyst in the present transition. He contrasts this rise with the much slower development of the social sciences, accounts for the differences, and cogently argues in favor of further efforts to extend scientific method into the realm of social relations. The advance of social science, he contends, can help resolve political and international conflicts that, by erupting into war, might block the great transition altogether.

War, however, is not the only pitfall along the path to post-civilization. In what is perhaps the best chapter in the book, he offers a brilliant treatment of the nature of ideology and its impact on social change, arguing that adherence to ideology is likely to increase the cost of the transition. He contends that ideology, of whatever variety, Eastern, Western or any other, suppresses the learning process in man, that it gets in the way of "reality testing" – *i.e.*, scientific method, and that to achieve a "least-cost transition" man must develop a pragmatic, social scientific approach to his problems.

The great transition strikes people differently. There are those who are appalled by its swiftness and magnitude and who, in Boulding's words, "despair, . . . give up hope, and . . . retreat into nihilism or into the commonplace performance of routine duties. These are the people for whom the pressures and dangers of the great transition are too much, who see so much of the dangers and so little of the potential that they have in effect abandoned the struggle. On the other side are those who still have hope for mankind, who see the enormous potential that lies ahead of us in spite of the dangers, and who therefore seek constantly to build up rather than to tear down, to create rather than to destroy, to diminish the danger and guide the course." Boulding is one of the latter.

He is nominally a professor of economics at the University of Michigan. But to describe him that way is like referring to Lyndon Johnson as a Texas rancher. For he has written not only on economics, but on a wide range of subjects from the theory of organization (in a penetrating book called *The Organizational Revolution*) to psychology and the theory of learning (in a remarkable and original little book called *The Image*). His prose is filled with imaginative analogies drawn from biology, history, religion and a dozen other disparate fields. At present he is writing about conflict resolution, a choice of subject that itself reveals a commitment to the future.

The Meaning of the Twentieth Century emerges as a rational, humane and passionately engaged essay. It is a flawed work. It occasionally lapses into platitude, occasionally grows muddy as the author struggles to express a novel juxtaposition of ideas. It is also marred – although this is probably not the author's fault – by a dreadful, fuzzy introduction by the editor of the series of which this book is a part. Nevertheless, *The Meaning of the Twentieth Century* stands out as a compellingly important book by one of the most imaginative, far-ranging and constructive minds in America.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Gilman *has recently become the drama critic of* Newsweek. Alvin Toffler *is the author of a new book,* The Culture Consumers, *just published by St. Martin's Press.*

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by

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THEATER

Love and Hate on Broadway

Luv
by Murray Schisgal
(Booth Theater)
Poor Bitos
by Jean Anouilh
(Cort Theater)

The comedy that everybody loves is an agreeable trifle which, in palmier days, might have constituted a brief blackout sketch at the Palace between the vaudeville acts. How it has managed to achieve its present eminence as a celebrated American success is a question we might take a moment to ponder. Several years ago, Murray Schisgal demonstrated with two short plays – *The Typists* and *The Tiger* – that he had certain modest gifts, among them a talent for creating comic situations and offbeat characters. This was enough to put him two steps ahead of our usual money dramatists who generally paralyze one with their triteness and ineptitude. But since Schisgal was also able to adapt the formal techniques of the French avant-garde to a homogenized view of life, he was immediately drafted into Walter Kerr's ideological war against the advanced theater – America's answer to European despair. All of Mr. Schisgal's qualities, including his blandness, are confirmed in *Luv*. The work has been padded to twice its natural length (Schisgal is obviously most comfortable with the one-act play), but it has an attractive simplicity, and it is being enhanced by an exceedingly engaging production.

I can foresee Mr. Schisgal writing a hundred such plays in future, each of them a gold mine. With a little luck, and equally able support, he could become the Henri Bernstein of our stage. But I can also foresee the swift termination of his appeal if he begins to believe what Mr. Kerr and other reviewers are now telling him – namely, that he has profound things to say about marriage, romantic ideals, suicide, divorce, bohemianism, and so forth. Actually, the Broadway success of *Luv* can be attributed to the fact that it doesn't say a thing about anything. While Schisgal's material is potentially satiric, he renders everything down into a soothing demulcent, so that the Broadway audience can have the tribute of the avant-garde without its tribulations. Even further removed from reality than the opiates of James M. Barrie, *Luv* has value primarily as "pure" comedy – that is, as a neutral canvas upon which a gifted director, Mike Nichols, and a brilliant comedian, Alan Arkin, can splash wild colors. For Nichols and Arkin are the real creative minds behind *Luv* – if you doubt this, watch how quickly the play fades when such routine actors as Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson are alone on stage. Nichols and Arkin have wisely turned away from the theater of the absurd, which inspired the playwright, and exploited that American comic tradition which inspired them: burlesque, vaudeville, Chaplin, the Marx Brothers, and their own previous associations with Nichols and May and The Second City. What these two men cannot give the work – for all their inventiveness and versatility – is an intelligent spine. But then if the work contained any intelligence, it would not be the comedy everybody loves.

Poor Bitos is about a man whom everybody hates, and the play has been rather universally disliked as well. It deserves a better response, but I find it hard to work up too much sympathy over its indifferent reception. Like Duerrenmatt's *The Physicists*, Anouilh's *Poor Bitos* represents the failure of intrinsically fascinating dramatic material because of the author's inability to realize his theme in significant action, or think it through to a firm conclusion. Duerrenmatt's play concerned the moral obligation of physicists to abstain from thinking. This is a refreshing and persuasive idea, but it got lost in Duerrenmatt's heavy-handed style, his indecision over whether to write a farce or a melodrama, and his witless madhouse digressions. Anouilh's concern is the French Revo-

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lution – a brilliant subject which has not been adequately explored on the stage since Buechner's *Danton's Death* in 1835 – but he has not sufficently fused his historical motifs with a parallel plot taking place in modern times. Part of Anouilh's difficulty is formal – his organization is sloppy and diffuse – but part can be traced to his undernourished historical imagination, last displayed in *Becket*. Anouilh has a tendency to see history as a series of personal relationships, with national policies being decided largely by disappointments in friendship or in love.

Poor Bitos is structured along the lines of a play-within-a-play, a technique Anouilh is using now with increasing regularity, though never as well as Pirandello from whom he first borrowed it. When the action begins, a group of upper-class financiers and playboys, bewigged like the leaders of the Revolutionary Tribunal, are awaiting the entrance of an insufferable chap named Bitos. They have arranged this "wig party" especially to humiliate him and, through him, the character of Robespierre whom he is impersonating and with whom he is closely identified, being a humorless public prosecutor, resentful of frivolity and ruthless in the performance of his duty. As the play proceeds, each character is absorbed by his role, and the conflict between Bitos and his tormentors is enlarged into a struggle between a decadent aristocracy, for whom style is the only morality, and a utilitarian bureaucracy, fanatically devoted to an ideal. When Bitos is frightened into a faint by a man impersonating Robespierre's murderer, Anouilh provides a flashback sequence, examining Robespierre's actual career and death; and when Bitos recovers, in the final act, he swears vengence even on the woman who tried to help him.

Unfortunately, this structure is repetitious and confused, and never permits either the historical or the modern action to gain sufficient momentum. Nor does it permit any unifying insight into the relationship between past and present, other than the rather banal conclusion that two men of similar temperament can arise at two different points in time. Promising a political conflict between Right and Left, furthermore, the play reduces everything to questions of personality, while Robespierre's character, as Anouilh sees it, is neither very complicated nor even very accurate, since the historical Robespierre, for all his bloodthirstiness, once resigned a post as criminal judge to avoid pronouncing a death sentence, and, for all his Puritanism, was once considered something of a dandy. Finally, *Poor Bitos* misses a magnificient opportunity for metaphysical speculation. Like *The Physicists* again, which also deals with men playing historical roles, *Poor Bitos* has been deeply influenced by Pirandello's *Henry IV*; but neither play delves into those deeper questions of human identity raised in that work. Trying to enlarge his powers – the powers of one who is essentially a Boulevard dramatist – Anouilh seems to have extended them beyond the point where they still are manageable.

Shirley Butler's imported production is competent, but rather shabby-genteel, dull, and elocutionary. The American actors impersonate the English, the English impersonate the voice of the BBC, and Charles D. Gray impersonates Jack Hawkins. Only Donald Pleasence, as Bitos, looking like a little white rodent in his powdered wig, seems to have found his own style, a kind of nasal nattering always on the verge of a whine. Though Pleasence runs the risk of monotonousness, he has a lot of suppressed power and malevolence. And he is not afraid to be unpleasant which, in a theater dedicated to loving love, is itself something of a distinction. ROBERT BRUSTEIN

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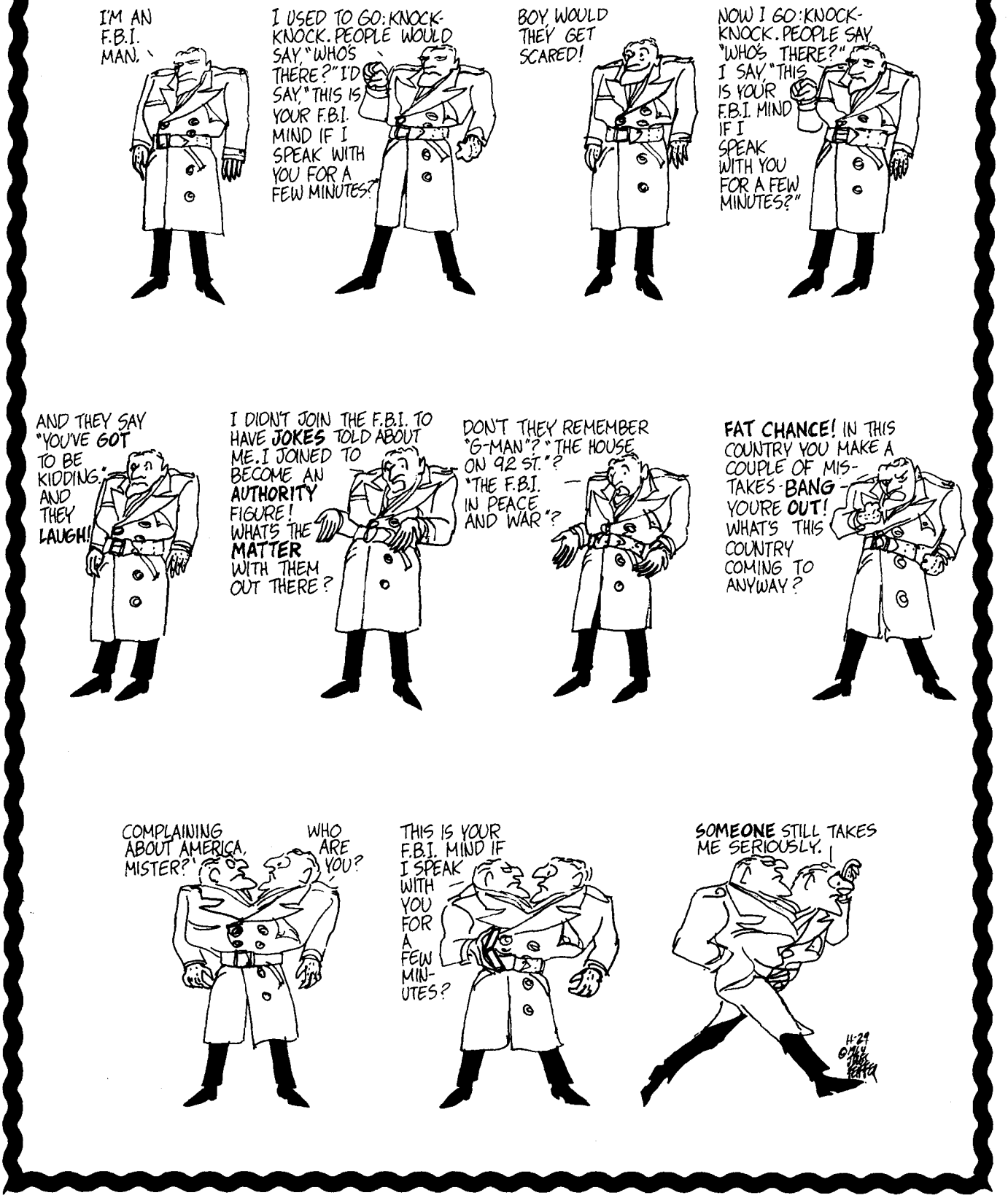

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FILMS

View of the Abyss

The French film *Les Abysses* has drawn exceptionally high praise from Sartre, de Beauvoir, Breton, and other eminent French writers. It recounts relatively factually the case that inspired Genet's non-factual play *The Maids*. In 1933 two young sisters named Papin were maids in the employ of a wine-grower in the Bordeaux region. The house, once prosperous, had become shabby. The man and his wife and his married daughter had gone off on a trip. Left alone, the maids ran riot in the house, wrecking things, panicky because they knew the place was going to be sold and they were frightened about their fate. The family returned unexpectedly, but the rioting continued. Prospective buyers arrived, which drove the maids even more frantic. In a paroxysm of fear-hate-joy they murdered Madame and the daughter.

Les Abysses (Kanawha)

The first point to consider is the film's execution, which in every aspect is excellent. The portrayals of the two sisters – by two sisters, Francine and Colette Berge – flicker like flames, are interlocked in fierce symbiotic tension. Paul Bonifas, the master, is a pouter pigeon, irrationally blinded by self-concerns, Pascale de Boysson, the daughter, creates a well-meaning, sensitive ninny. The screenplay by Jean Vauthier is stripped to athletic litheness and (to judge by subtitles) is written with electric, funny savagery.

Controlling all the above, and doubtless in some measure responsible for it, is the direction of Nico Papatakis. This is his first film. He is 46, of Greek-Ethiopian parentage, and lives in Paris where he is the founder-manager of a cabaret theater, for which he has directed many plays. He has made the film immediately arresting and consistently gripping. All the elements are extraordinarily fine: camera composition and movement, editing, and, especially, the performances. Papatakis has a keen ear for voice and tempo, has a subtle sense of relationships, a gift for macabre humor. Everything in the film conveys the director's intelligence and discrimination. As for its odd rhythm, Sartre's description cannot be improved on: "sharply cut, broken, bouncing, frozen."

But as to the stature, the philosophical implications (if any), of the film, one can disagree with the statements of both Papatakis and Sartre, which in turn disagree with one another. We have here an account of two psychotic girls; there can be small doubt of the psychoses from the outset. They are neither metaphors of an author (as in Genet's play) nor rational beings. They are carefully drawn pathological cases, full of monstrous fears, gloatings, glees, aggressions. They create havoc, destroy furniture and furnishings, waste great casks of wine in the cellar. And when all this is discovered by the owner and family, it is tolerated by them! By the owner and wife because they owe the maids three years' salary and cannot discharge them, by the daughter because she has a lesbian fixation on the younger maid. But, in the relatively realistic context of the film, those acceptances for those reasons are equally crazy. For instance, the wasted wine amounted to more than the money owed; the soup spewed in the daughter's face by the maid (to name only one outrage) would, rationally, not have affected sexual attraction. To measure *The Maids* by normal logic would mean deafness to tonality; but the tonality of this film makes objections in logic inevitable.

Thus one is forced to disagree with Papatakis's statement: "In a sense, the guilt lay not with the two servants alone – nor even the masters who oppressed them. But in a philosophical sense the fault is with all who contribute towards the *laissez-faire* attitude that allows such conditions to persist around us, without interference." This – not the first time a good artist has misrepresented his own work – seems completely inappropriate. The film is not a document of social injustice or indifference. Two demented girls work for people who are almost as demented as they are. There is no touch of Zola's *Earth*, of people brutalized by social conditions. Who in that household was rational enough to be guilty of *laissez-faire*?

At the end of the film there is a note that, at the subsequent murder trial, one sister was given a death sentence, the other 30 years, but that the court asked with heavy sagacity, "Who is truly guilty?" My answer would be: the court. All of them, maids and surviving father, ought to have been committed to a mental hospital.

Sartre strikes a quite different note in his enthusiasm. He says nothing of "conditions" or indifference. "The cinema has given us its foremost tragedy. Its theme: Evil. . . . [The sisters] incarnate naked violence – hatred – and the desire to kill. It is not a question of curing them of evil – they *are* evil! . . . two wretches who, in the manner of timeless tragedy, must carry out

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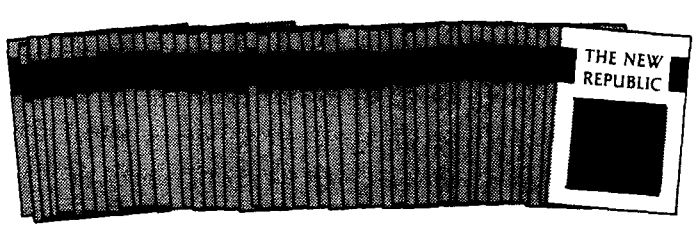

the sentence meant for them, their fate and their destiny – inevitably to place themselves forever outside the "Law." But they are outside the law to begin with, any civilized law, as insane persons. And it is not in the least in the manner of timeless tragedy for psychotics to be protagonists. Further, it makes nonsense of morality to call psychosis Evil. Surely Evil implies *power of choice* or at *least knowledge* of one's nature. These two girls have neither power to choose nor even any power to take knowing perverse pride in their inability to choose.

One cannot stretch to supply an invisible framework for the film by placing it in the society we know and saying that the theme is evil because society's greed and incomprehension drove the girls mad. There is no hint *of this, and even if there were, then* what drove the family to their equally unbalanced toleration of the maids' behavior? To say that the world is responsible for *all* of them is further to demolish the director's statement that the film dramatizes indifference (it leaves no one to represent indifference) and also Sartre's statement of tragedy because it makes them all witless protagonists.

Because of the nature of the story and *its tangential association with* Genet, one last point must be examined: its relation to the Artaudian theater of cruelty. I find this relation tenuous. The Artaudian theme is the catharsis of repressed sado-masochisms by theatrical events, mythic rituals that explode unacknowledged real forces into unreality, thus purging society towards a healthier community. In its balletic synthesis *Les Abysses* moves towards an Artaudian mode; in execution it is a super-real work. But it releases no repressed violence, as Artaud would have intended. All we can feel is compassion for sickness, impatience to get a doctor. It is not a ritual drama, an altar offering to dark gods, but a clinical casebook written with considerable poetry. A film by Papatakis, with the Berge sisters, of Genet's *The Maids* would have been a much more fitting match of methods and matter. This present film is, in a lesser way, like Gielgud forsaking *Hamlet* to read us Saxo Grammaticus.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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ART

Peaceable in Pittsburgh

The Pittsburgh International exhibition, so long the biennial or triennial field for the art wars, has been pacified at last. The peace officer in charge is the new Carnegie director, Gustave von Groschwitz, and he has brought peace to Pittsburgh by the simple expedient of letting everybody in. In the old days, the Pittsburgh International was a stronghold of the avant garde and the gardesmen used to sit around the Carnegie whence all but they had fled and issue statements about how they were hemmed in on all sides but intended to persevere anyway. With the death of the avant garde, the new director has found it very easy to open admission to every conceivable manner of painting or otherwise making art, even many that were in business before the last International. Oddly enough, with every manner present, the atmosphere is a lot more harmonious than when the avant had only the garde to contend with. The word in New York is that the Pop dealers are fairly furious about the new democracy out west; they are thought to have expected another triumph following Venice last summer. Still, most of their boys made it; the problem is, a lot of other people did, too, and Pop, in the context of art in general, just doesn't hold up.

Robert Rauschenberg, for example, the Venetian *wunderkind*, is seen in an immense and murky number called "Barge" and composed of an awful lot of splashed paint in grays of varying intensities. It is over thirty feet long and hence hangs across a center hall from the more than twenty feet of Georges Mathieu, the Frenchman who attacks on his canvases, squirting paint out of tubes. You can debate that Mathieu is closer to art because the oil paint is so thick, or that Rasuchenberg is closer because somewhere in the murk is a reproduction of the Rokeby Venus, but it doesn't really matter because both are seen in the full context of contemporary art, not the highly edited context that has passed, at Pittsburgh and elsewhere, as the only and compleat contemp.

Or Jasper Johns, the other Venetian strongboy, is seen at the Carnegie with "Evion," a tall painting, bright and gay, with half a garbage can cover and a stick or so fixed to swirl in the paint, which is duly swirled. In the Pop context, discussion would hardly begin with the observation that the title is Noive spelled backward and a thought or two about throwing off the abstract expressionist yoke while at the same time paying homage to it and so on and so on. Here, surrounded by actual paintings, the whole ploy seems irrelevant, of substance only compared to, say, the stuffed boxer shorts of Claes Oldenburg and related contributions to the dialogue of existentialism.

At one remove from the flow of fashion, even Pop devices can be incorporated into art. Two examples are the "Girl Panels" of Michael Snow, a Canadian, who ranges five views of the same figure rising like a shadow, only in color, from squat to stand to stretch and back down, and the three zany graces of Ronald Kitaj, the Anglo-American artist, titled "Value, Price and Profit."

As always, the American section is about one third of the whole 400-work show. This is too much, but it does allow room for the total spectrum. If you had to choose one group as strongest, you'd probably come down for the California figure crowd: there are good works by Diebenkorn and Bishoff and an encouraging company of their juniors. But actually it isn't a groupy show. It's more highly individualistic than the International has been in at least a decade. Included are such diversities as a picture that may be the finest nature water color Charles Burchfield has ever painted, a summation of his haunted trees and glens; a great Milton Avery nude; a final jazzy "Blips

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and Ifs" by Stuart Davis; a quiet, elegant John Koch interior with figures; a powerful, and again final, crucifixion by Rico Lebrun; and so many others.

There is a lot of good sculpture in the show in Pittsburgh and again the range is impressive: a Zorach torso, a Zajac animal head; the whole British crowd: Moore, Hepworth, Chadwick, Armitage, Meadows and Paolozzi; the two Pomodores from Italy, along with Manzú and Marini; from Germany a great major work by Gerhard Marcks, in bronze at just over life size, Oedipus and Antigone as they appear at the beginning of the Colonnus; from France two varied earth mothers by Ipousteguy and César, along with a supremely elegant abstract head in stainless steel by Hajdu.

Latin America has some curious things. Mexico, for example, is represented by two artists, Tamayo, as sweetly poetic as ever, and Leonardo Nierman, who paints chic abstractions as if there were no viewers but interior decorators. Colombia, on the other hand, is one of the strongest representations from anywhere, with only three expressionist-figurative paintings, by Botero, Obregon and Enrique Grau.

Belgium comes through well, reminding us that it once was Flanders. New pictures by René Magritte and Paul Delvaux link back easily to certain of the main Flemish strains and at the same time point to younger men like Octave Landuyt and Pol Mara, who successfully but less overtly maintain the same spirit of odd detachment.

Besides our own swollen section, the big representations are from the big countries of the West, plus Spain. A short time ago Spain was one of the prime examples of feedback in international art-exchange programs, faithfully returning as Spanish what it had docilely received as American. No longer. There is everywhere evident a Spanish character in the work, much of it related to the ghastly murals of Goya's house in the freest kind of adaptation.

There has been, in short, a humble and successful search for what is actually being done in the nations of the world. There were, as far as can be made out in the show, no preconceptions at all, certainly none as to what ought to be.

It isn't often that an institution can reclaim itself from the slough of chi-chi. The Carnegie has just done so. The International is endlessly instructive and often enhancing of life, as the man used to say. It'll be in Pittsburgh until January 10 and is worth the trip.

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Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 3; Richter with Vienna Symphony under Sanderling (Deutsche Grammophon). Piano Concerto No. 5 *(Emperor)*; Rubinstein with Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf (RCA Victor). *Fidelio;* Rysanek, Seefried, Haefliger, Frick, Fischer-Dieskau; Orchestra and Chorus of Bavarian State Opera under Fricsay (Deutsche Grammophon).

Berlioz: *Les Nuits d'Eté;* Leontyne Price with Chicago Symphony under Reiner (RCA Victor).

Boccherini: Quartets Op. 58 No. 5, Op. 64 Nos. 1 and 2; Carmirelli Quartet (Music Guild).

Byrd: Mass for 4 voices; Choir of King's College under Willcocks (London).

Chopin: Waltzes; Rubinstein (RCA Victor).

Dowland: *Lachrimae;* London Philomusica under Dart (Oiseau Lyre). Ayres for 4 voices; Golden Age Singers (Argo).

Handel: *Water Music;* Bath Festival Orchestra under Menuhin (Angel). Concerti Grossi Op. 6; Bath Festival Orchestra under Menuhin (Angel) Dettingen *Te Deum* (in German); chorus, soloists, chamber orchestra under Goennenwein (Angel).

Haydn: Symphony No. 95; Orchestra under Reiner (RCA Victor; with Symphony No. 101). Quartets Op. 33 No. 2, Op. 76 No. 2, Op. 3 No. 5; Janacek Quartet (London). *Mass in Time of War (Paukenmesse);* Chorus and Orchestra of Bavarian Radio and soloists under Kubelik (Deutsche Grammophon).

Lassus: Masses *In die tribulationes* and *Bell' amfitrit' altera;* Prague Madrigal Choir under Venhoda (Vanguard).

Mahler: Rueckert Songs and *Kindertotenlieder;* Fischer-Dieskau with Berlin Philharmonic under Boehm (Deutsche Grammophon). *Das Lied von der Erde;* Merriman, Haefliger with Concertgebouw Orchestra under Jochum (Deutsche Grammophon). Songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn;* Forrester, Rehfuss with Vienna Festival Orchestra under Prohaska (Vanguard). Symphony No. 1; Solti with the London

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Symphony Orchestra (London).

Monteverdi: *L'Incoronazione di Poppea;* Glyndebourne Festival (Angel).

Mozart: Piano Concerto K.466; Rubinstein with orchestra under Wallenstein (RCA Victor). Symphony K.551 *(Jupiter);* Karajan with Vienna Philharmonic; (London; with Haydn's Symphony No. 103 *(Drumroll)*). Symphonies K.200 and 504 *(Prague)*; Colin Davis with English Chamber Orchestra (Oiseau Lyre). Symphonies K.543 and 319; Kertesz with Vienna Philharmonic (London). Symphony K.425 *(Linz)*; Kertesz with Vienna Philharmonic (London). Quartets K.387 and 464; Amadeus Quartet (Deutsche Grammophon). Clarinet Quintet K.581; Boskovsky and members of Vienna Octet (London; with Divertimento K.247). Serenades K.361; K.375; K.388 for winds; London Wind Soloists (London). Mass in C minor; Edith Mathis, other soloists, chorus and orchestra under Goennenwein (Angel).

Palestrina: *Song of Songs;* Prague Madrigal Choir under Venhoda (Vanguard).

Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5; Leinsdorf with Boston Symphony (RCA Victor).

Purcell: *Dido and Aeneas;* Mary Thomas, other soloists, Oriana Choir and Orchestra under Deller (Vanguard).

Rameau: Keyboard music; Albert Fuller (harpsichord) (Cambridge).

Schubert: *Die Winterreise;* Fischer-Dieskau and Moore (Angel). *Die schoene Muellerin;* Lotte Lehmann and Ulanowsky (Columbia). Songs; Cuenod (Cambridge). *Unfinished* Symphony, Overtures to *Des Teufels Lustschloss* and *Fierrebras;* Kertesz with Vienna Philharmonic (London).

Smetana: *The Bartered Bride;* Lorengar, Wunderlich, other soloists, chorus and Bamberg Symphony under Kempe (Angel).

Strauss: Songs; Della Casa (RCA Victor).

Stravinsky: *Symphony of Psalms,* Symphony in C; Stravinsky with CBC Symphony and Festival Singers of Toronto (Columbia).

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5; Klemperer with Philharmonia (Angel); Maazel with Vienna Philharmonic (London). *Romeo and Juliet* and *Francesca da Rimini;* Giulini with Philharmonia (Angel).

Verdi: *Four Sacred Pieces;* Giulini with Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra (Angel). *Falstaff;* Geraint Evans, Ligabue, Freni, Simionato, chorus and orchestra under Solti (RCA Victor).

Wagner: Excerpts from *Die Meistersinger;* Friedrich Schorr with Elisabeth Schumann, Melchior and others (Angel).

Collections: *Toscanini Conducts Overtures,* with NBC Symphony (RCA Victor). Richter in Debussy's *Estampes,* Chopin's Polonaise-Fantaisie Op. 61, Ballade No. 4, 2 Etudes (Deutsche Grammophon). Maurine Forrester in arias by Handel and Purcell (Westminster). Branzell; Ancona; Clement; Helene Wildbrunn (operatic excerpts) (Rococo).

In the performance of Verdi's *Requiem* on Angel 3649 (mono) Giulini paces the marvelously beautiful music effectively, though with an occasional exceptionable detail (*e.g.* the slowing down of the *"Inter oves"* passage in the *Ingemisco,* the insufficiently animated *Sanctus*), as against the unfailing right flow of the Toscanini performance. Giulini also gets superb playing by the Philharmonia Orchestra and excellent singing by the Philharmonia Chorus; and though the cool, silvery soprano voice of Schwarzkopf, the powerful but cold mezzo-soprano of Christa Ludwig and the lusterless tenor of Gedda serve Verdi's warm and impassioned music less well than the richly sonorous bass of Ghiaurov, the singing that Giulini gets these soloists to do is satisfying – which in Schwarzkopf's case means that it is quite free of its affectations in the earlier de Sabata performance. In sum, Giulini's is a performance I can recommend to someone who insists on present-day sound; but for someone else the Toscanini performance is still the one to acquire.

The lovely Fauré *Requiem* gets a beautiful performance, on Epic LC-3885 and BC-1285, by the Philippe Caillard Chorale and Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra under Frémaux, except for the incongruity, to my ear, of the boy soprano voice in the brief *Pie Jesu* in a performance using adult male and female voices.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Correspondence

Ladies' Day

Sirs:

Betty Bavier's letter "Who is 'Women'" (November 28) prompts me to add my comment on Dr. Bettelheim's article in *The New Republic*'s 50th Anniversary Symposium. I had meant to do so but hesitated. Nobody expects a woman to be objective about being a woman. I feel a little like the finch in *Pogo* who was told by the Bird-Watcher's Society: "Here now! *You* don't get to vote on what you are."

I labor under a disadvantage; I still do not understand what Dr. Bettelheim, in his discussion of male and female roles, means by inner and outer space. The division of labor he observed in the Israeli kibbutz seems to correspond to many primitive divisions of labor: the men go hunting and the women take care of babies. He does imply that the choices available in an agricultural society are different from those available in a complex, industrialized society, but he does not draw the conclusion that women's preferences may not be the same in both. He seems to equate hunting with, let us say, business, and taking care of babies with teaching or social work. Here I disagree. I prefer being a secretary to heavy physical labor for obvious reasons; heavy physical labor is just too hard for me and more sedentary pursuits are far more comfortable. But I far and away prefer physics to teaching. Perhaps Dr. Bettelheim's image of physics (or business) is at fault. Physics is not a "conquering" profession, stereotypes in the newspapers to the contrary; it strongly resembles the arts. I have done both, and I think I know what I am talking about. Men in business assure me that business administration is by no means the "manipulating" profession Dr. Bettelheim makes it out to be, and that in fact business resembles pottery-making in the oddest way, and pottery-making resembles painting or writing, and painting or writing resembles physics and so on. All activities are manipulating, conquering, receptive. From what I see of people around me, the specific character of professions arises from either their specific necessary skills – or the social stereotypes. Why is business administration "manipulating" while administering, let us say, a nursery school, is not? The latter is in a traditionally "feminine" area, and nobody would think of an elementary school principal or a nursery school director or the director of a department of social work in the same masculine terms as a "captain of industry." (See the recent rash of books and films about business that describes it in terms more appropriate to the Spanish Main.) Yet the skills can be almost identically the same.

I think Dr. Bettelheim is falling into an old fallacy which tries to explain the differences between the sexes (I believe there are differences) according to a kind of "division of labor" of *human* traits. Basic qualities of human organisms like "active-passive" or "pioneering-sustaining" are assigned neatly to the division of the sexes. "Inner space – outer space" is just such a duality (well, perhaps; I'm still not sure what it means.) I suspect that Dr. Bettelheim would find a list of what I consider the real differences to be too scanty, too inexpensive. Statements like "men are stronger than women" or "women have babies" do not satisfy the *feeling* of sexual difference that is based on sexual attraction. I think the process goes something like this: if *I respond* so differently to men and women, then certainly men and women must *be* very different. For centuries men have insisted that women are mysterious, secret, fleshly, earthly and so forth, the tenor of the song being that qualities actually attributable to sexual attraction and sexual pleasure are assigned to what provokes the attraction and the pleasure. (I feel myself that there is something – well, something *different* about men, something closer to the earth, something less reflecting, less sensible, less explainable than women, altogether less human, if human is what *I* am.) But sex is not an absolute, essential quality any more than age is; it is the sum of what happens. Children think that "children" and "parents" are unchangeable categories and cannot imagine that some day they will be parents and have children of their own. But their parents know that this will happen.

To get back to Dr. Bettelheim, I agree with Betty Bavier. I do not want a "special genius" for anything. I have had a special genius for virtue (19th Century), a special genius for pleasing (18th Century), and a special genius for obedience (17th Century). None of them has been to my advantage. Enough is enough. Too many men have said too many things about women. Dr. Bettelheim recognizes many of the difficulties women face nowadays and that is to his credit. But the game of definitions (women-are-like-this, women-are-like-that) is pernicious at best. His "special genius" is too close to definitions that have been used over and over again in the past and used in bad faith. It is always the men who do it, too. I have yet to read a serious or scholarly essay by a woman which describes men as special, as limited in this way or that, and as having particular talents in certain directions. Of course it is not bad to conserve, to cherish. But let us please allow people whatever talents or inclinations they actually posses, and leave the mysticism – or poetry – or whatever you want to call it – out of the argument.

Daedalus held a symposium on women a few years ago – nobody holds symposia on men, of course – in which some of the participants were actually women themselves. The men (except for David Riesman who always treats stereotypes as just that, stereotypes) spent their time in ingenious, enraptured discussions of how wonderfully different women were from men. The women, without exception, were defensive. "Never mind that" (they seemed to be saying) "give me ma-

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ternity leaves, give me respect, give me flexible hours and leave to do what I want, enter whatever profession I want, and *stop telling me how strange, marvelous and fascinating I am!*"

Old habits die hard, even in psychiatrists.

Joanna Amateau
New York, N.Y.

Commenting upon an article in *The New Republic's* 50th Anniversary issue, Betty Bavier suggests that its author, Bruno Bettelheim, may be subscribing to a new stereotype of womanhood, especially perhaps for having agreed with Erik Erikson in his article "Inner and Outer Space: Reflections on Womanhood," which appeared in the Spring 1964 issue of *Daedalus*.

Mrs. Bavier asks, "Who is 'women' "? The theme of the Erikson article is largely developed from observations he made of ten, eleven, and twelve year old boys and girls (and not women) in a study conducted at least fifteen years ago at the University of California. One conclusion drawn by Erikson is that while boys produced constructions emphasizing "outer space," those of girls emphasized "inner space." These findings are then speculatively related to basic anatomical considerations – "the groundplan of the human body."

Despite the fact that girls do become women, it does not necessarily follow that findings in a comparable study for women would be the same. For one thing, in the course of growing into womanhood girls may encounter frustrating competitive conditions which bring characteristically masculine attitudes to the fore. In any case, there is evidence in the Erikson article to suggest that the group of girls in question included some who were atypical such as tomboys, with well-developed "outer" inclinations – incipient representatives, perhaps, of Mrs. Bavier's "womanly rebel." Thus all may rest assured that "what-every-woman-should be" is, in every respect, sufficiently flexible to include, for example, a natural genius both for nursing and for mathematics. What is crucial is that women, if professionals, should find themselves doing that for which they are most suited. This is likely to be that which they most enjoy. Finally, it can be said that both Professors Bettelheim and Erikson would support Mrs. Bavier's goal for women, "a flexible society that will let us find ourselves, each in her own way."

David Lawson
New York City

Subsidizing the States

Sirs:

I object to Edwin L. Dale's contention in his article, "Subsidizing the States" (November 28) that, "At this early stage, it appears that by far the weightiest argument against the plan [to turn back to the states a portion of each year's federal income tax collections] certainly from the *liberal side* (my emphasis), is the federal government should insist on strings over the spending of the money." His Machiavellian answer to this implies that if we are not getting strings, something is better than nothing.

I side with those "who see a fundamental of democracy at stake in not allowing groups and individuals to make their own decisions on matters that concern mainly themselves." This does not deny the need for earmarked grants in areas of special national interest. However, one of the main purposes of the Heller proposal is to help state and local governments fill the gap between shrinking revenue sources and increased demands for expenditures. . . . I realize that there will be some waste in a "no strings attached" program. But this could be inconsequential when compared to the misallocations and distortions to local budgets caused by a program defined rigidly from the top.

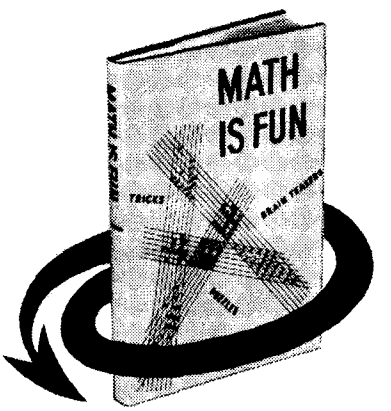
Gerald W. Sazama
University of Wisconsin

LSD-25

Sirs:

I was disappointed to see such a review as Alan Watts' "Who Will Run Your Nervous System" appear in *The New Republic* (November 28). Of what significance is it that LSD "even in minute doses" has its characteristic effect? What is a "minute dose" anyway? Is it correct to say that one's "thoughts and feelings interpret" information "our senses screen"? Our senses do not screen information, they gather it. Our thoughts and feelings do not interpret this information, they arise from it. If LSD is to be called a "mind-opener," why not define the term? Is a telescope used for several purposes (not, "used in various ways") such as voyeurism or astronomy really like using LSD? Then too, alcohol, one of the two examples of supposedly narcotic drugs which Dr. Watts cites, is not a narcotic and is addicting, if at all, only in extreme circumstances. One could go on.

Perhaps LSD is an avenue to mystical experience; I do not know. But LSD, which does cause hallucinations, disorders of consciousness and pyschotic symptoms is not, contrary to Mr. Watts' suggestion, a back entrance to sanity. I have never before heard sanity equated with mystical experience. And to further suggest that "official psychiatry" (whatever that is) opposes a



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shortcut to mental health shows ignorance of the goals of most psychiatrists who are, by the way, physicians, not priests. This latter distinction is clear in the minds of most medical men, even if it is not clear in Mr. Watts' mind. As for the fatuous comment about "five years of therapy at fifty dollars a week," one cannot help observing that there is no shortage of psychiatric patients yet and, unfortunately, LSD even by the pound would not cause one.

Discussion of chemical, electrical and "other" methods of molding human character makes fanciful reading indeed, but what in the world does this have to do with the transient effects of LSD? "Transformation of personality" by LSD has yet to be demonstrated.

Finally, if restriction of LSD usage is infringement of a constitutional right, as Mr. Watts suggests, is not the same true of the use of opium, the tranquilizers (which are not addicting), antibiotics and digitalis? These drugs, at least, are of proven benefit.

Kurt Link, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

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Winning Without War

Sirs:

The *New Republic* of August 8, carrying C. B. Marshall's review of my book, *Winning Without War*, just caught up with me.

Mr. Marshall writes "South Vietnam's late Ngo Dinh Diem is cryptically referred to as a playboy." After referring to Diem as despot number one (page 139), I wrote there:

> "Diem's tyranny cast long shadows on the policy of intervention for progress when this playboy puppet, supported by fourteen thousand American troops . . . not only proved unable to suppress pro-Communist forces, but turned American arms and American-trained and financed forces against the non-Communist Buddhist majority of his country, to implement his religious persecution laws, to snatch bodies of priests who had burned themselves alive in protest against his rule, to arrest teenage students, to impose one of the most corrupt tyrannies on earth."

"Indonesia's policy is alleged to have moved significantly closer to the West in 1963," writes Mr. Marshall. This is, indeed, my statement (see page 149), only, the word "significantly" was added by Mr. Marshall; the whole point of my chapter was that such shifts in foreign policy orientations are neither stable nor, in themselves, of any significance.

Above all, Mr. Marshall spends more than half of his free associations on my book to denounce my "multiple-toppling" approach. (I devoted about a paragraph to it.) He characterizes it thus: "If a regime is not up to the mark in economic performance, bowl it over."

Even the hurried reader must have realized that this is quite fantastic. I suggested nothing which, by any stretch of imagination, could be so interpreted. I stated that, if a *terror* government is established in a country like Haiti, it might be justified to support its removal, and I warned that one is not to expect the next day a flourishing democracy to be established. This warning was necessary, as disappointment of naïve hopes, following the coup in the Dominican Republic, prevented a more systematic support to opposition to terror regimes in other countries. Other comments by Mr. Marshall are similarly ill-founded.

Amitai Etzioni
Columbia University

Corridors of Power

Sirs:

In your usual admirable book review number, where you do measured justice to such disparate and important talents as Howard Mumford Jones, Cyril Connolly, Arthur Koestler, and Robert Hutchins, I find it slightly irritating that you have printed also Malcolm Muggeridge's autobiographical saunter through C. P. Snow's *Corridors of Power* (November 28). Of course, since Muggerdige – excuse me, Mr. Muggeridge – is often witty as well as malicious both in print and on the Jack Paar show, I suppose he has a right to have his say somewhere. Nevertheless, as one who prefers measured justice to the malice that often passes as the whole of wit nowadays, I hope Mr. Muggeridge will not review the two or four novels promised to complete the *Strangers and Brothers* series, whether he reads them or not.

Harvey Curtis Webster
Louisville, Kentucky

The Curse of Official Culture

Sirs:

Robert Brustein's "The Curse of Official Culture" in your Anniversary Issue gratifies the hope that men of honesty and power still exist. He has proved that he contains the very audacity he recommends. We need just this and more of this in all American criticism.

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